

Written by C^A S^r W. Lonsdale
SONGS, RECITATIVES, &c. 8

IN

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF

Baron Munchausen ;

O R,

HARLEQUIN'S TRAVELS.

AS PERFORMED AT

SADLER'S WELLS.

1795.

W. Lonsdale

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

HARLEQUIN,	Mr. KING,
BARON MUNCHAUSEN, (<i>with</i>	
<i>Comic Songs,</i>	Mr. DIGHTON,
CATABAW CHIEF, MAD WOLF,	Mr. BONMASON,
BLUE TIGER,	Mr. DYKE,
CAPUCHINE FRIAR,	Mr. HARRISON,
OLD POLANDER,	Mr. LEWIS,
HOTTENTOT,	Mr. SMITH,
OLD BUFFO,	} <i>with Song</i> {
SIGNOR SOPRANO,	
FOTANY BAY OVERSEER,	Mr. GRAY,
GENTEEL JACK,	Mr. NORMAN,
PHIL MOONEY, (<i>with a Song</i>)	Mr. PRICE,
NAVAL OFFICER,	Mr. VINCENT,
MAN IN THE MOON,	Mrs. DIBDIN,
LUNARIAN GENERAL,	Mr. HELME,
DEPUTY FROM THE DOG STAR,	Mons. ELVIN,
WILD ARAB,	Mr. GAURON,
COBLER OF FINSBURY, (<i>with a</i>	Mr. GOODMAN,
<i>Song</i>)	Mr. POWERS,
BROTHER MAW WORM (<i>with an</i>	Mr. DIBDIN,
<i>Exhortation</i>)	Mr. O'BRIEN,
And EPHRAIM YANKEY, (<i>with</i>	Mr. DUBOIS.
<i>Comic Songs</i>)	
SPRIT OF ADVENTURE, (<i>with</i>	
<i>Songs</i>)	Miss MELVILLE,
SPRIT OF INDUSTRY,	Mrs. WEWITZER,
INDIAN SQUAW,	Mrs. GOODMAN,
OLD RUSS,	Mrs. BROCKER,
NUN,	Mrs. CARNE,
SIGNORA SOSTENUTO,	Mrs. ILLINGHAM,
SAIL SCAMP,	Mrs. BOYCE,
And COLOMBINE,	Mrs. WYBKOW.



Catabaws,—Polanders,—Portugueze,—Hottentots,—Italians,—Transported Convicts,—Lunarians,—Inhabitants of the Dog Star,—Mars Men,—Solarians,—Arabs,—Wild Beasts,—and a variety of English Characters,—with a Personification of the Arts and Sciences.

SONGS &c. IN
BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

SCENE, A CAVERN.

SONG—BARON.

BEHOLD the great MUNCHAUSEN whom dangers
ne'er affright,
Who calmly can sleep out a storm, or roughly rouse to fight
Where'er Adventure leads him on, 'tis meat and drink to go,
Plump'd in Old Hecla's fiery Pot, or buried in her Snow,—
Travelling Post beneath the Sea, or sailing in the Sky!—
All these Adventures I can boast—the Baron scorns to lye;
Then talk no more of Heroes past, for all the world agree,
One living Hero beats 'em all, and bold *Muncheusen's* he.

You all have read of Pendragon,—that Prince of adverse
drubbing,
Who never turn'd his back to ought but a post for scrubbing;
Itch and Welch Blood did make him hot, and very prone
to Ire, [foontake Fire;
He was ting'd with Brimstone, like a Match, and wou'd as
His rage devour'd the Pagan Dogs—or hist'ry books do lye,
But if he ne'er eat a Lion, Sirs—he was ne'er so fierce as I—
Then talk no more, &c.

Brave Warwick's Guy at dinner hour, call'd forth a
Giant Savage, [Cabbage;
And soon dispatch'd this lubber lout, brimful of Wrath and
He fought Dun-Cow, with heels more sly than paws of
Tyger-Cat, [wou'd beat you flat;
—Some Cow-heels might bring you round, but these
He flung his Battie Ax about, and ituck it in her crown—
But I—threw a Hatchet at two brown bears and it stuck
fast in the Moon:

Then talk no more, &c..

Achilles, by old Chiron, was tutor'd when a Boy,
Who bred him from a slender twig, to be the scourge of
Troy!

Yet 'ere he trim'd the Trojans, was in Stygian Waters dipt,
 As Domine oft sleeps the Rod when Boys are to be whipt—
 He laid hold of bully Hector, and tickled him out of breath,
 But I—held a hungry Bear by the Paws, till Bruin was
 starv'd to death :

Then talk no more, &c.

Great Hercules was a sturdy wight, despising fear or fame,
 For he could lop off Hydra heads, or fool it with his dame;
 To Man or Monster, ne'er in fight would Here'ly give it in,
 Yet, having cut their thread of life—he sat him down to spin;
 Cunning and Club, alike combin'd, to make his arm prevail,
 But I—once with a hornpipe fav'd my life, and damme!
 kill'd a Whale!

Then talk no more, &c.

RECITATIVE—SPIRIT of ADVENTURE.

WHAT new Commotion shakes the trembling Earth?
 Who calls the *Spirit of Adventure* forth?
 What desperate Stranger, tempting hidden Chance,
 Thus treads th' Eventful Regions of Romance?

(Baron displays himself)

What do I behold!—

And is it you my Baron bold?—

Kneel, if it please thee, wond'rous wight!

Kneel, Hero with the Bear Skin Robe,

And trust the *Spirit of Adventure*;

This Weapon first shall dub thee Knight,

And then transport thee round the Globe,

Or from the Surface to the Centre.

*{ Baron kneels and is Knighted with a wooden
 { sword, by the Spirit of Adventure. }*

ARIETTE.

Sir Knight arise,

Receive the Prize

That soon shall make the World adore ye——

And now, Sir Knight,

It were but right

To take, Sir Knight, the World before ye.

(the Globe descends—the Spirit offering the sword)

RECITATIVE.

Baron. Madam, your Slave—excuse me pray—
 Give it him, (*Harlequin*) 'twere less absurd :—
 Consider what the World will say,
 To see me with a Wooden Sword—

Spirit. You slight my favours!—be it so :
 Mighty *Munchausen*, take your Whim ;
 The Sword is his,—and now Sir, know,
 Your very life depends on him.

(*Harlequin takes the Sword and trips round her*)

AIR—*To Harlequin.*

Wheresoever you would range,
 Whatsoever you wish to do—
 Breathe your Wish, and for the change,
 I rust my Agent—try it now—
 { *The Globe opening discovers successively, EUROPE,*
ASIA, AFRICA—..a Miniature. }

RECITATIVE—*To Harlequin.*

Active and faithful, as I know thou art,
 And ready, still, to take thy Master's part,—
 Wear this, when Danger calls, it's pow'r shall be,
 To give thee,——thus——Invisibility——

{ *Attaches a blue Feather to Harlequin's Hat, which
 then possesses the property of making the wearer
 invisible.*

AIR—*To the BARON.*

Wheresoever he may stray,
 Follow,—'tis the wisest way ;—
 And for the Wonders he'll display,
 Claim the Credit—how you may.

CHAUNT—*BARON.*

Oh! Thunder and Fire! what a treasure is here!—
 Now all other wandering Boobies stand clear :—
 Englishmen ruin'd—by losses at play—
 Hollanders tipsy, and loosing their way—
 Hottentot Epicures nosing a Feast—
 Frenchmen full gallop, to conquer the East—

Polanders, not caring whither they run—
 Scotchmen, instinctively facing the Sun—
 Greenlanders just creeping out of their holes—
 Russians and Prussians riding on *Poles*—
 Catabaw Warriors, hunting for strife—
 Irish dear Joys, on the hunt for a Wife—
 Chinese Philosophers tempted to roam—
 Or Mendicant Isrelites—always at home.
 I've the Globe in my hands—that's as much as to
 The Baron is coming—get out of his way!—
 Where dwell the Catabaws?—thither anon:
 Hey for America!—Presto!—begone!—

Scene changes to America

SONG—YANKEY CLOWN.

Addressed to the Catabaws, who bring him in a Prisoner.

BROTHER Ephraim's got a Wife,
 And lives in Carolina—
 If he leads a happy life,
 T'ant such an' a one as mine—a!
 Yankey doodle doodle doo!
 Yankey doodle dandy!—
 High doodle doodle doo!
 Yankey doodle dandy!—

I was brought up to read and write,
 Yea,—Doctor Naylor taught me—
 But he never larn't me haw to fight,
 And so—the hunters caaught me!
 Yankey doodle, &c.

Father kill'd the brindled Saaw,—
 She would naither lead nor drive—a!
 Had I been such a Pig,—I vaaw!
 I ne'er had been alive—a!
 Yankey doodle, &c.

Our Jemima's fond of Drink,
 And Abram takes to Cyder;
 I likes them both—(but)—swear I think
 I'll be content with either:
 Yankey doodle, &c.

Our Enoch lost his Bread and Cheese,
With Dinah's Napkin raaround it,—
So I'll go home then—if you please,
And swear I have na' faaund it!

Yankey doodle, &c.

You're a fighting Catabaw,
And I'm a trading Yankey—
I take it yaw might let me go—
And if you will, I'll thank ye!

Yankey doodle, &c.

Scene in Italy.

SONG—BARON.

AWAY with Trombone, Voice, Fiddle and Flute,
For 'tis all a mere hum to the Concert without ;
Where a Mad canine Orpheus' Extravaganza,
Infects Man and beast with a strange Influenza
Such whooping and bawling! Diavolo! questa ?
All running in Largo, Allegro and Presto! [on't,
Halloo! a Mad Dog!—the Town rings with the talk
Tho' the first Amateurs cannot make Hog or Dog on't.

He ran into a Pigstye, and there bit a Sow,
That in less than ten minutes bark'd bow-wow-wow! wow!
The Hog, in a Church, for security hunting,
There bit at the Organ and set it a grunting :
Such barking and grunting!—Diavolo! questa ? &c.

A fine Tabby Cat, in the Organ loft straying,
Got pinch'd by the bellows, and straight fell a playing ;
The Cat bit an Old Maid, asleep in a pew,
And starting awake,—Heavens! how she did mew !
Such purring and squalling!—Diavolo! questa ?
Such barking and grumbling! Allegro &c.

The Old Maid bit a Jack Ass, that presently stood
Talking two legged Nonsense, as fast as he could ;
A Castrato encounter'd the Brute in his way,
And the poor walking whistlepipe—how it did bray !
Such braying, and talking, and purring, and squalling !
And grunting, and barking, and whooping, and bawl-
Halloo!! a Mad Dog, &c. [ing!

SONG—*COBLER of FINSBURY.*

From Cobler's Bulk to splended Shop,
 Behold me now *translated*,
 Lapidone and Hammer henceforth stop,
 For better things I'm fated;
 Tho' late I work'd in lowly Stall,
 I never shall deny it,
 I've gain'd my *Ends*, I've lost my *Awul*,
 And made a Fortune by it:

Then quick the ready Rhino bring,
 For who the Cash refuses;
 We'll take it here you need not fear,
The Temple of the Muses.

I've work'd and pray'd and work'd again,
 And faith upon the whole Sir,
 My cares were seldom cares in vain,
 For I've sav'd many a *Sole* Sir;
 From Heeltap tho' my Art was mov'd,
 The Headpiece I'm befriending,
 And all must own I'm much improv'd,
 Altho' I've left off mending:

Then quick the ready, &c.

Then Ladies, Gentles, hither come,
 We've got a pretty *Olio*.
 From Little Dick, or Tommy Thumb,
 To Learned Works in *Folio*;
 We've Books to make you Cry or Laugh,
 Odd Tricks and wond'rous Feats Sir,
 Of Heroes bound in Sheep or Calf,
 Or Heroins fair in Sheets Sir:

Then quick the ready, &c.

Then now or never buy away,
 Our Terms are very fair Sir,
 No fear of meeting here foul play,
 Where ail is on the Square Sir;
 We gladly wait your kind command,
 The Cash if you lay down Sir,
 I'll put my *Life* into your hand,
 For only half a Crown Sir:

Then quick the ready, &c.

Our Enoch loſt his Bread and Cheefe,
With Dinah's Napkin raound it,—
So I'll go home then—if you pleaſe,
And ſwear I have na' ſaund it!

Yankey doodle, &c.

You're a fighting Catabaw,
And I'm a trading Yankey—
I take it yaw might let me go—
And if you wiſd, I'll thank ye!

Yankey doodle, &c.

Scene in Italy.

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For 'tis all a mere hum to the Concert without;
Where a Mad canine Orpheus' Extravaganza,
Infects Man and beaſt with a ſtrange Inſtuenza:
Such whooping and bawling! Diavolo! queſta?
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There bit at the Organ and ſet it a grunting:
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Got pinch'd by the bellows, and draight fell a playing:
The Cat bit an Old Maid, aſleep in a pew,
And ſtarting awake,—Heavens! how ſhe did mew!
Such purring and ſqualling!—Diavolo! queſta?
Such barking and grumbling! Allegro &c.

The Old Maid bit a Jack Aſs, that preſently ſtood
Talking two legged Nonſenſe, as faſt as he could;
A Caſtrato encounter'd the Brute in his way,
And the poor walking whiſtlepipe—how it did bray!
Such braying, and talking, and purring, and ſqualling!
And grunting, and barking, and whooping, and bawling!
Halloo!! a Mad Dog, &c. [ing]

Scene at Botany Bay.

RECITATIVE.

Ragged Sam. Why strike me plump!—why Phil!—Phil.
Mooney?

So then at last you've found us out?—
How was it Phil?

Phil. Mooney. Hum!—Ax about—
How was it with yourself, ye spooney?

Han't I as much right here as you?

Ragged Sam. Aye Phil. a *better* right than me, mayhap—

Phil. Mooney. Better!—say that again, ye skulking Chap,
Blow me (*squaring at him*)

Genteel Jack. my dear Phil. Mooney! how d'ye do?

Phil. Mooney. What! Genteel Jack!—how goes it?

Genteel Jack. Toll loll,—so—

Not much the better for my change of Air—
How goes the Old World? come I long to
know [Fair,

How friends and trade go on at Peckham

Miss Mooney. I left 'em all alive and merry there.

SONG—PHIL. MOONEY.

Oh! what fights of fine kiddies and blowings,

Came rolling it down to the Fair,

With Sprigs at their Snitches so knowing,

And *Taxation* knock'd into their Hair;

Like a pair of Magpies in full feather,

Young Neddy the Sweep and his Bride

Came jig-a-jog trotting together—

'Twas all for the sake of the ride:

Sing faal de raal, laal de raal laddy, &c.

There was Joe the Coalheaver, quite natty,

Stuck up on a ragged old Rip,

Whereof it was said by Rum Patty,

His Prad tasted strong of the Whip:

His fine duds they was ill of the Crinckles,

'Tho' Pat wasn't up to the rig,—

For his small cloaths had lain at his Uncle's,

'Till they were a little too big:

Sing faal de raal, &c.

Nick Hockey the Saint John Street Drove

Bawl'd out, a Mad Bullock ! for fun ;—

Rozinante was nicely done over ?

And Joey came down by the run :—

He pitch'd in the mud, neck and shoulders

Along with Northumberland Moll ;

While the rest of the loving beholders, [Coal?

Cry'd—Yea—ough! (my kiddy!) was ye digging for
Sing faal de raal, &c.

But the Beast wou'd let nobody queer him,

For why—he kept fencing behind,

And the Jockies that darest come a near him,

Got gruel not quite to their mind ;

The Divers was up to their knuckles,

I know it—no matter for that,

So Joe, without Hat, Shoes, or Buckles,

Slunk home like a Blownation flat!

Sing faal de raal, &c.

So then, the less time to be wasting,

The fights and diversions begun,

And many fine Molls was a feasting,

On Sauages fried in the Sun ;

There was Peg and her Cousin, Bet Brian,

Stood sharp looking out for a shew,

They'd a monstrous mind for the Giant,

But (Lord) ne'er a one ax't 'em to go :

Sing faal de raal, &c.

Looke; looke! my Eyes! what a figure,

See there's a rum three footed Beatt,

And yonder's the sign of the Tiger,

Has got a Man's head in his list ;

But snuffy Dick, swore by his maker,

And said there was none worth a Fig,

But Flockton, and old Mother Baker,

The Crows, and the comical Pig :

Sing faal de raal, &c.

Then Eet touch'd the youth for a fairing,

While Peg took a roundabout ride,

Snuffy Dick fell a snivelling and swearing,

And Eet stood and laugh'd till she cried :

Since the hour I came out from my Cradle,
 I never see'd nothing so gay—
 So my hearties, come each tip a daddle,
 Shan't us roll it in Botany Bay :

Sing faal de raal, &c.

Scene in England.

SONG—SAVOYARD.

O raree Show ? O bravee Show ! O finee Show !

Who see my pretty Show ?

O finee Show ! O bravee Show !

Who see my fine Show ?

Quand la Cigala canta, fa pas boun travailler,

Fa boun être à l'ombretta, à l'ombretta,

Fa boun être à l'ombretta calignar !

Dere you see pauvre John Bull in great distress, fast asleep
 in one easy Chair, dreaming of de tax and de grievance,
 and all because a de French Nation have open his Eyes
 —pauvre Man !

And dere you see one gallant active Citizen Frenchman,
 quite different ting, for he never take no sleep at all—aha !

O raree show ! O bravee show ! O pretty gallantee, &c.

Dere you see pauvre John Bull obligée to go to the Camp,
 and the Salt Water for his Amusement, because he have
 got no Trade at home in his Shop—See how he fatigue
 himself wid de Ham and de Chicken for fear he should
 a be starve by de way—ah ! pauvre Man !

And dere you see de fine galant French Citizen, quite dif-
 ferent ting !—he no take a de pleasure at all—because a
 ma foi, he like better to take a de Pain.—a ha !

O raree show ! &c.

Dere you see de pauvre English Baker obligé to work so
 hard—see how he fatigue on de Sunday Morning, wen
 all de Peoples is at Church, and de Customer bring a de
 Pudding for Dinner—ah ! very much bad indeed,
 pauvre Man !

And dere you see de Citizen Frenchman Baker, a son aise
 widout any fatigue at all—see how charming he amuse
 his Citizen Customer and de little Boy, when he come
 for de petit Morceau de Pain—a ha !

O raree show ! &c.

Dere you see one large Family Angloise in great distrefs
 —wid de old Grandfather confine a de Cheminee corner
 in de Gout because he ave eat so much Turtle Soup
 all his life—de Man and Vife eating de roast Beef, and
 quarreling for a bit of de brown—de Son, make angry
 wid his Fader and Moder because he have taken a de
 argent and turn Soldier Volunteer—de Daughter obligée
 to make a de shirt, when she want to go see de Comedie
 —and de letel Childrens obligée to go to school whether
 he like it or no—all very much distrefs indeed!

And dere you see one Family Francoise in all dere Glory,
 ma foi, wid de old Grandfather ready to die, for de
 good of de Nation—de Man and Vife making de Sword
 and de Pike for dere Amusement—de Son, very good
 boy, going to de Wars, in de grand requisition—de
 Daughter, make a de lint and plaister for drefs her
 broder wound when he come back—de letel Childrens
 singing ça ira, widout never a Shirt at all—a ha!

O raree show! &c.

Scene—Temple of the Muses.

RECITATIVE—*Spirit of Industry.*

Warrior forbear—and quit this idle strife,

Spirit of Adventure.

Briton, again receive thy long lost Daughter,
 And thank her brave preservers for the Gift.—

(presenting the Baron and Harlequin)

Spirit of Industry.

Baron—thy wild Romantic flights forego—
 And learn—the rolling Stone ne'er gathers Moss.

(Baron looks for Explanation, &c.)

Spirit of Adventure.

I've done with *thee*—here's metal more attractive,
 For *here* I join the Sp'rit of Industry,
 To raise an Englishman to fame and fortune :
 Strangers—behold the Spirit of Adventure
 Thus well employ'd, and learn from what you see,
 Britons can still attain Prosperity—
 Their home for her's, yet, heav'n born Freedom Chuses,
 The Seat of Arts—of Science, and the Muses.

Last Scene.

F I N A L E.

Industry. In all the Nations round us,
 What Wisdom can compare,
 With their's who ne'er let Indolence
 Usurp the place of Care;
 Let Foes attack in open War,
 Or Friends more slyly deal,
 An Active mind can Ills remove,
 Or lighten those we feel

Chorus. Then let it be told, to the Nations around,
 That blessing, unnumber'd to England belong;
 Where the Arts and the Sciences smiling are found,
 And the Muses attend them, with Dance and
 with Song.

Adventure. The Man of Trade, the Man of War,
 To distant Nations roam,
 Yet round the Globe, make this their boast,
 That England is their home;
 And while within this happy Land,
 Shall Justice hold her Seat,
 The friendly Stranger here will find,
 His last, and best retreat:

Then let it be told, &c.

Baron.



That Englishmen are worth remark,
 Must all the World allow——
 Nay—trust me for one truth at last,
 I'm no *Munchausen* now——

They laugh and cry, and work and play,
 Fight, kiss and beat their Wives,
 And tho' they grumble ev'ry day,
 They're happy all their lives:

Then let it be told, &c.



